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PRESEND AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST OFFICE AS

Philadelphia, Monday, March 25, 1918

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!

LL the men and women, boys and girls who have felt the pang of loneiness that comes with the consciousness Inability to serve a cause which so many serving in matchless gallantry have eir opportunity today. The committee for the third Liberty

Loan needs an army of 100,000 organized to carry an imperative message of need to ever, home and to every industrial, religious, fraternal, commercial and theatical organization in Philadelphia. The task is of supreme importance. Any volunteer can feel that he renders a service ulte as important as if he were enlisted lirectly with the military service to handle dnanco, transport details, medical supplies-or a gun!

These are parlous days for commuters' vercoats. Almost every evening we see a erted surtout that has been left in the ack in the smoking car by some springharassed suburbanite.

MORAHT MORTUUS

THE death of Major Moraht, the famous military critic of the Berlin Tageszeitung and later of the Taegliche Rundschau, not necessarily mean crepe sleevebands for the great general staff. It has persistently been rumored that "Major Moraht" was merely a nom de kultur to cover press statements inspired by the Berlin headquarters. This report is given some color by the fact that the Major's Loes not appear in the German Who's Who

And yet we incline to the belief that there really was a Major Moraht, and a very well informed and clear-sighted critic. cause the articles appearing under his nature were by no means always what e would expect in press material put out by the Hunquarters. He sometimes recog sized unpleasant truths, and admitted acts even when they pointed to military icy and power on the part of Gera hy's apponents.

Students of the little epigrams printed on the Thrift Cards are agreed to put Mr. IcAdoo among the world's greatest aphorists. ling him with Epictetus and Garberino and Garabed Garagossian.

BACK SWINGS THE PENDULUM

IN THE recent announcement that the railroad administration will spend \$100,-000,000 immediately for new equipment there is an illuminating illustration of the y of attitudes which Federal agencies have experienced in relation to the corporations. The Government hecking The Government heckled and the roads to a low point of efficiency by the sort of incurable suspicion with which the bush leaguers infected Washington for a long period. It was the Government. which made it difficult for the railroads to renew their equipment, as all the great hope were put at war work. Congress ggain denounced the railroads and now the Federal Government finds its own authority necessary to get the roads out of the tangle for which Government agencies have been blaming them.

It will be interesting to observe how the nti-corporation hysteria survives the war. Ford, the Baldwin plant, the Bell Telehone Company and other big corporations have added tremendously to the efficiency of the Government. Voluntarily and with out much poise they have shown how great an asset big business can be then it is intelligently and decently managed-as most big businesses in America

The more I. W. W. sabotage control of labor in the spruce forests of the northwest the less American control of the air on their

WORK FOR WOUNDED WARRIORS

DENNSYLVANIA business men are co erating with the nation on a large and with typical whole-heartedness important back-home job of physical financial reconstruction of the men had on account of the war. More 20,000 industrial plants have volunto supply work such men can do. han 1800 places are open to those o lost the power of speech through

ess to evade the fact that ou conship of democracy is going to its distressing consequences. Many will return incapacitated for norupations: But they will be Ameri-ugh to desire to be self-supporting their handicaps. Those able to all will not want to impose thema barden on the nation for which A majority will be efficient a labor despite the loss of an missing finger or partial loss

ent in such cases. Posi the individual to find wil accessible through a sys-traff openious such a

RENTS AND POLITICS

REHIND the drive for exorbitant profits which some owners of dwellhouses in West Philadelphia appear to be making upon their tenants is the shadow of an ancient principle. What you sow you reap. There are landlords still surviving, of course, who have inherited all the qualities that made their term of designation a hated one in the naive and passionate literature of an earlier day. A hymn of hate for the entire tribe is hardly to be justified, however, in a time when everybody's prob lems have been complicated by new circumstances on the one hand and a triumphantly inefficient municipal administration on the other.

Men who vote thoughtlessly, who do not vote at all or who succumb to the pleas of the ward and division leaders on election day might profit by a closer scrutiny of the formal notification of an upward flight in house rates. In many cases that notification is merely the ghost of a vote returning to haunt an unfortunate doorstep. For inefficient city government is an amazingly expensive ndulgence-for those on the outside. Though there may be some profiteering among house owners in various parts of the city, there are signs to prove conspicuously that innumerable landlords doing little more than passing the burden of increased general expense along to the ultimate consumer. This is the ancient custom. And it has grim justification in the present instance, since the burden of an exorbitant tax rate fell upon real estate owners largely because of the persistent carelessness of majorities at the polls.

The commonest error of the average man is to assume that wasteful, corrupt or inefficient municipal government affects only the other fellow. Yet every dollar added to the sum of Mr. Vare's contracts, every cent of moral or immoral claims, comes inevitably from the pockets of people least able to bear the burden, since the curse passes down auto matically along the line of least resistance until it lies at last on the man who, for one reason or another, cannot fight

Current figures in the general discussion serve to indicate that most real estate owners have asked for increases merely adequate to meet the increased costs of labor, materials and general upkeep and the new tax rate.

So a great many tenants of dwelling houses who have a proper right to kick a few profiteering landlords out into the light of day should not forget to look a little deeper. In the background, serene and unmoved, are Mr. Vare and his pros perous clans. They are a doubtful luxury which, having been bought, must be paid for by those who made the bar-

Brand Whitlock says that the German roops marched into Brussels in September, 1914, whistling "Every Little Movement Has Meaning All Its Own." Yes, but what will they sibilate when they march out again? We auggest "The Rift in the Loot."

A VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

T IS said of Archbishop Cosmo Gordon Lang that he has found his greatest happiness in long association with the very poor. And it might be said that the poor have shared their peculiar riches with him without stint. He is a wise and patient man. And patience and wisdom are the treasures of the humble.

It is refreshing, therefore, to observe that the air of formality and exclusiveness that has attended the visits of the Primute of England in other American cities recently is to be mitigated in Philadelphia. Tomorrow afternoon the Archbishop will address an open meeting in the University gymnasium. This is one of the few meetings in America at which the distinguished Episcopalian, sent more or less officially as a spokesman for the English masses, will be permitted to appear without the hindrance of cards of admission.

The New Republic asks naively whether the draperies of the Victory of Samothrace are composed with more art than the folds of John D. Rockefeller's trousers in the Sargent portrait. Well, the Victory from Some where in Samothrace may stand in the pantheon, but it doesn't wear-ahem, trousers.

THE TRUE ANSWER

ALMOST imperceptibly the casualty lists grow a little longer. All the nationalities that have thrown in their lots with America are answering the doubts and suspicions of these uncertain days with the names of their dead. The Gorowskis and the Schmidts, the

O'Sullivans and the Israels, the Hansens and the Morrisca are all there as usual among the killed and wounded. They were as far removed from fear, these men, as they were from the skulkers at home who have done their puerile best to dishonor their common tradition.

And, of course, the early bird will have to be sixty minutes earlier if the worm abides by the daylight saving law.

THE CARRION EMPIRE IS DOOMED DRUSSIAN Hunocracy makes its last fling in the present onslaught. The Carrion Empire of the Hohenzollerns digged its foundations in the grave of the old Germany that the world loved-the Germany, as some one has said, that died in 1848 and was buried in 1871. Its structure was reared of lies and ruthlessness; its splendid achievements in science and commerce were blackened and stained by blood and horror.

The world that lives and moves by a noral principle will not long tolerate a nonster of so hideous mien. There are vet millions of men in civil life, all over the world, who will discipline themselves through painful nights and days to carry on the fearful struggle. For the sake of nonor, pity and the right of men to live their own lives millions are still ready to pay the last measure of devotion. The Hohenzollern empire was dethroned years ago in the hearts of every true-thinking

Prussian Hunocracy makes its last fling Under the eyes of William the Damned and his attendant vultures hundreds of ms attendant vultures nungrees of sands of pitiful human units fing sections despairing into the secting of h and flame. But let us cease saying this is the Hun's last "chance." It is chance at all. Even if Hindenburg is larger by larger, as he predicted.

London by midsummer, would be the war be won? If he were battering Long Island with death, would the war be won? No. for as long as there is a liberty-loving man

alive Prussianism is doomed Prussian Hunocracy makes its last fling It may be that years more of angulah and calamity are before us, but as surely as the Great Bear swings round the polar star the Prussian ambition to dominate mankind with death is doomed to a death far more terrible.

TENTION, CHARITABLES!

E WAS a wise student of human experience, the observer who first ejaculated that there is ever work for kindly hands to do. In this momentous hour the all-night restaurant bands, as they disappear over the skyline into history, leave a difficult problem behind them for the social consciousness of the community.

What now is to become of the tribes of lady and gentlemen sundodgers left derolate on the high, dark rim of the night, dazed, new-awake ed from the dread witcheries of the jazz? Obviously it will be unwise to let them wander without kindly guidance in the strange and silent world to which they are committed by the stroke of a judge's pen. Something should cer tainly be done to steady and console the minds of these unfortunate persons, to ease the shock of enforced contact with realities. After all, Ethelbert, they are homan

Pinochle is a diverting game. The lost tribes of darkness might be taught to play The license court has been definite in its pronouncement relative to music for their ears or one might suggest some of the gentler songs of home for their entertainment. Readings in the absence of the bands might serve to soothe the tortured nerves of any sundodger. The reader might begin, too, with the collected writings of Mr. Hoover.

If Admiral Coghlan were reciting that poem now he would make the refrain "Mein self und der Teufel."

We feel sure that Russia is sound at the core. It's now up to us to see that Ger-many does not get the core.

A Berlin newspaper implies that Germany is ready to swallow several of the President's fourteen peace terms. Our armies will have to rub the others in.

Conkling Was the "Me Too"

WARNER MILLER, who died a few days ago in New York at the age of seventy nine years, would not have been known outside of his State if United States Senators Roscoe Conkling and Thomas C. Platt had not had a quarrel with President Garfield and resigned their seats.

The issue came over the appointment of a collector for the port of New York. President Garfield had assured the New York Senators that he would respect their wishes in the distribution of patronage in their State. Not long afterward he nominated for the collectorship a bliter political enemy of these two men. Senator Platt was an expert political manipulator. He was determined that his faction of the party should control New York patronage and when the President had turned him down he was indignant.
As soon as the President sent the name of nis political enemy to the Senate Mr. Platt nunted up Senator Conkling and said to

him:
"I do not know what you intend to do, but

I shall resign my seat."

Senator Conkling agreed that no other course was open to him and decided to follow his example. Accordingly they wrote out their resignations and forwarded them to the Governor of New York. They expected to be re-elected at once as a rebuke to the President. But their opponents in the State were determined that they should receive no such vindication. There was a deadlock in the Legislature. It met day after day for weeks, balloted and adjourned. Finally a compromise was reached which resulted in the election of Warner Miller and Elbridge G. Latham, two second-rate and virtually unknown men, to the seats held by Platt and Conkling. Neither of the men made any reputation in the Senate. Latham died years ago and now Miller has followed him to the grave, having previously sank into the obto be re-elected at once as a rebuke to the grave, having previously sunk into the ob-scurity from which he had accidentally arisen.

Lost: A Humorist

The rich rewards and emoluments that make the profession of burglary to Philadelphia so alluring to men of dash and energy have diverted from the literature of American humor at least one spirit strangels original and singularly blithe. Veiled in mystery this man remains, leaving only an oc-casional jewel of achievement in his trail to gladden a paysing hour for the unbu multitudes chained to a clock-made rou-

ist who recently robbed a jewelry shop on Market street half a block away from the headquarters of the Department of Public Safety. This feat loses its average Safety. This feat loses its appeal alto-gether when you stop to contemplate the things that have just happened to Policeman John Cassidy, who lives up Fairmoun avenue way. Policeman Cassidy was sleep-ing soundly in his bed. In the night a thief entered his house and took, among other things, his nicest and most expensive pair of rubber-soled sloes and his extremely fe-rocious—by reputation—watchdog.

Diversion is good for the health. Good jokers are rare. It might be well, there-fore, to keep an eager eye for a lively looking man with a pair of rubber-soled shoes and a buildog. It is almost certain that he would say funny things. Surely he must be thinking them.

He's Almost as Mean know that the war in sa a Hun Europe isn't to lessen the energy of the war on the Jersey mosquite. Would the pacifist nlist in this general cause?

Hog Island lost a lot of free energy when the jazz bands got They Used to Be Is the Hun himself or the hunger that is in the Hun responsible for the latest drive?

Some one has dis-covered that 12,000 officers, many of them of draft age, hold cleri-m. Might it be said of jobs in Washington. Might it deak men that they are chary?

The theory of paci-Government first size of thousands of drafted men of pacificity actually faces the Government first size of the first si

Patting the Cures centers of the German en La Fere, offensive is La Fere, on the Oise River.

on the Oise River.

overs of Sievenson will remember that R.

B. in his "Inland Voyage" visited La rece and found it uncongenial. So much so hat he called it "La Fere of cursed memory."

Parhaps the Hun, in trying to break the witten line at that point, may have occasion to calle that durage of L. B. There is

Sitting in the Barber's Chair

ONCE every ten weeks or so we get our

We are not generally parsimonious of our employer's time, but somehow we do hate to equander that thirty-three minutes, which is the exact chronicide involved in despolling our skull of a ten weeks garner. If we were to have our hair cut at the end of eight weeks the shearing would take only thirty-one minutes; but we can never bring ourselves to rob our employer of that much time until we recken he is really losing prestige by our unkempt appearance. Of course, we believe in having our hair cut during office hours. That is the only device we know to make the hateful operation tolerable.

To the times mentioned above should be added fifteen seconds, which is the slice of eternity needed to trim, prume and chasten our mustache, which is not a large group ef foliage.

We know a traveling man who have

We knew a traveling man who never got his hair cut except when he was on the road, which permitted him to include the transaction in his expense account; but somehow it seems to us more ethical to steal time than to steal money.

WE LIKE to view this whole matter in a philosophical and ultra-pragmatic way. Some observers have hazarded that our post-ponement of halrouts is due to mere lethargy Some observers have hazarded that our post-ponement of haircuts is due to mere lethargy and inertia, but that is not so. Every time we get our locks shorn our wife tells us that we have got them too short. She says that our head has a very homely and bour-geois builet shape, a sort of pithecanthropoid contour, which is revealed by a close trim. After five weeks growth, however, we begin to look quite distinguished. The difficulty then is to ascertain just when the law of diminishing returns comes into play. When do we cease to look distinguished and begin to appear merely sloveniy? Careful study to appear merely slovenity? Careful study has taught us that this begins to take place at the end of sixty-five days, in warm weather. Add five days or so for natural procrastination and devilment, and we have eventy days interval, which we have pe an the ideal orbit for our tonsorial ecstarie

WHEN at last we have bounded ourself W into robbing our employer of those thirty-three minutes, pius fifteen seconds for you know what, we find ourself in the barber's chair. Despairingly we gaze about at the little blue flasks with flowers enamelee on them; at the piles of clean towels; at the bottles of mandrake essence which we shall bottles of mandrake essence which we shall presently have to affirm or deny. Under any other circumstances we should deeply enjoy a half hour spent in a comfortable chair, with nothing to do but do nothing. Our barber is a delightful fellow; he looks benign and does not prattle; he respects the lobes of our ears and other vulnerabilia. But for some inscrutable reason we feel strangely ill at ease in his chair. We can't think of anything to think about. Blankly we broad to the hear of think about. think about. Blankly we brood in the hop catching the hem of some intimation of im-mirrality. But no there is nothing to do but all there useless as an incubator with no eggs in it. The processes of wasting and

eggs in it. The processes of wasting and decay are hurrying us rapidly to a pauperish grave, every instant brings us closer to a notice in the obit column, and yet we sit and sit without two worthy thoughts to rub against each other.

Oh, the poverty of mortal mind, the sad meagerness of the human soul! Here we are, a vital, breathing entity, transformed to a mere chemical carcass by the bleak magic of the barber's chair. In our anatomy of melancholy there are no such atrabiliar moments as those thirty-three (and a quarter) minutes once every ten weeks. Roughly speaking, we spend three hours of this living death every year.

A ND yet, perhaps it is worth it, for what a jocund and pantheistic merriment possesses us when we escape from the shop! Bay-runmed, powdered, shorn, brisk and perfumed, we fare down the street exhaling the syrups of Cathay. Once more we can take our rightful place among agrarative and take our rightful place among agrarative and ake our rightful place among aggressive and well-groomed men; we can look in the face without blenching those human leviathans who are ever creased, razored and white-margined as to vest. We are a man smong men and our untethered nind jostles the stars. We have had our hair cut, and no natter that create the stars of the stars of the stars. matter what gross contours our cropped skull may display to wives or ethnologists, we are a free man for ten dear weeks. S. V.

Slang Heard in Cantonments

The following vocabulary of army slang has been compiled by the Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler:

Beans. The commissary sergeau

Blind-Sentenced by court-martial to foreiture of pay without confinement.

Bob-Tail—A dishonorable discharge or a

Bone-To study; or a mistake Bootlick-To flatter

Buck-Private-A term cometimes used to eferred to a private.

Bucking for Orderly—Giving clothing and ecouterments extra cleaning so as to com-

pete for orderly, Bunkie—A soldier who shares the shelter of a comrade.

Bust—To reduce a noncommissioned offi-

er to the grade of private,
Butcher—The company barber,
Canned Horse—Canned beef,
Chief—Name by which the chief musician

of the band is usually called by the enlister

Cits-Civilian clothe C. O.—Commanding officer. Coffee Cooler—One who seeks a "soft" de-

Crawl-To admonish. Doughboy-Infantryman Duff-Any sweet edible

Fogy—Ten per cent increase of officer's pay for each five years' service. Found—To be deficient or wanting in any-thing, especially an exam. Gold Fish-Salmon. Goat-Junior officer in post, regiment, etc.

Goaty-Awkward, ignorant. Guard House Lawyer-A soldier with a smattering knowledge of regulations and military law; quite loquacious and liberal with advice and counsel to men in the guardouse or other trouble.

Hive—To discover, to catch.

Hobo—The provost sergeant.

Holy Joe—The chapiain.

I. C.—Is condemned by an inspector.

Jaw-Boone-Credit (to get things on "jaw-bone," to buy things on credit.) Jump—To admonish. Major—Name by which the sergeant major is usually called by the enlisted men.

Mule Skinner—A teamster, O. D.—Officer of the day; or olive drab. erms except officially.

The Bells of St. Stephen's We have a particular affection for the sound of church bells, and a chime ringing above the clamor of a city street always halts us with something of a thrill.

Those who have passed down Tenth street Those was have at midday during

Lenten season have been grateful to St. Stephen's Church, where the chimes are rung faily to announce the noonday Lenten serv-ce. Above the din of trolleys and traffic the clear peal of the bells rises dominant and arresting. The Rev. Carl E. Grammer, rector of St. Stephen's, says: "We only had a few bells and could only ring peals and changes till I added some additional beils a few years ago for the express purpose of playing hymns, with the patients in the Jef-ferson Hospital, near by, in my mind. They like to listen to them as they lie in their beds." beds."

Crowded thoroughfares give all too few reminders of solemn things, and many a thoughtful passarby has heard a message of beauty in St. Stephen's chimes. A peal of bells, a basket of daffodils, a policeman halping an old lady across the street—such tremendous tribes all have their place in the strange and vivid mosale of metropolitan life. But a message of beauty advirt in the

the United States will be moved forward one hour.

5. Lancaster, Pa., has just been celebrating its 200th birthday and also the hundredth anniversary of its becoming a city.

6. A chevron is a bent bar of inverted V shape worked the sleeve of a noncommissioned effect to the sleeve of a noncommissioned effect to the sleeve of a noncommissioned effect to the sleeve rank three chevrons for sergeant, two for a rank three chevrons for sergeant, two for any anticologies on active service are also entitled diers on active service are also entitled diers on the way and "aund chevrons" for each serious wound austained.

7. "Amethyst" is deriv of from the firesk "methut" meaning wine; the unclosed and the word the methys over tallsman against drunkenness.

8. To "commute" is literally to change, with the sense of accepting something ten accommission ticket is a ticket for a jarrenumber of tries under a treatment of such a ticket is a "commuter."



WE'LL BET ON HIM!

WAR AND THINGS

THE BRITISH LINE

Evening Ledger Readers Write of Hindenburg and Hog Island and Affairs Generally

of '61 did, we will be \$100,000,000,000,000 in debt and with not many more men under arms than we had in the Civil War. We have a great and a good country, but it has got into very bungling hands, and we would better all be praying that England, France and Italy may be able to hold out and keen fight-

Italy may be able to hold out and keep fight

Italy may be able to hold out and keep fighting. If they fail the Huns will yet come over here and clean us out, college professors and all, and they will make us pay \$100.000,000.000 indemnity.

"If at the beginning we refused 100,000 volunteers and at the end of a year after our declaration of war we had only up to that time drafted \$00,000 men, and the last of these had only arrived at the cantonwents, and

Dynamite at Hog Island

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger

one of the many "explanations" given by the American International Shipbuilding Cor-poration officials for the awful wastes of money at Hog Island contained in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER recently. Mr.

Kennedy asserts in explaining an item for the pay of guards. "We have uncovered a total of 245 pounds of dynamite" (probably some in use for blasting there), and then

some in use for blasting there), and then goes on to say, "sufficient to destroy the greater part of the plant."

I am somewhat experienced in the use of dynamite and I am unable to figure out how 245 pounds of dynamite could blow up 1 per cent of the Hog Island plant. Such exaggeration is just an example of their "explanations" all through the investigation. I think when the laboring men are assured of efficiency "higher up" they will do their part even better than they are now doing it.

WILLARD T. KELLY.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

Why is the railway beetle so designated?
 What is the cause of quicksand formations
 What is the purpose of the Inter-Ailed War Council?

4. Why are the Germans buying the hair of women in conquered territories?

5. Name the motive power that has revolu-

6. Describe the first flax of the United States.
7. When was coffee first generally used as beverage?

8. What is the nativity of George Bernard Shaw?

Who communded the last great German drive at the British lines?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

"Dolce far niente"; Italian phrase meaning "pleasant idleness"; corresponds to our "laking it easy."

Silo: an airtight chamber or large tank for preservation of fodder, protecting it from the decaring effects of air and moisture. General Gallwitz, the greatest German authority on field artilliery, has been put it command of the German army facing the sector in France occupied by the American troops.

9. What is a machete?

Carneys Point, N. J., March 23

WILLARD T. KELLY.

Sir-I could not help but take note of this

Philadelphia, March 23

Moral vs. Military Victories To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledge:

Sir-We can assume that the opponents or he western front are evenly matched—now, t is unlikely that the leaders on either side will sacrifice a million men on an offensive unless they are sure that it will win the war. There has not been a one-sided victory during the whole wer. A inilitary victory for one side has meant a moral victory for the other Although a military victory heartens one side, it takes that self-satisfied feeling out of the other and renews the almost dead resolve to

"last." if nothing more.

Both sides have announced their intention, from time to time, to "pulverize" their opponents soon. Things in that line are very definite now. "We will be in Paris April I."-Hinden-

burg.
"If we can hold the line until April 1 we

The presumption is Germany knows she must "get somewhere" to win. The Allies know they must stop Germany from "getting omewhere" to win Whether or not it is easier to get somewhere than to stop some one else from getting there is the difference between victory

and defeat. Germany is apparently rushing her offen-sive. The Allies are apparently rushing their defensive. If they both succeed Germany will politely announce that she never in-tended an offensive, but expecting an Allied offensive prepared for it, and prepared so well that the Allies did not dare to even try to break the line. We will shout "camouflage"

and claim victory. So will Germany.

This has been going on, more or less, during the whole war, and will continue until the German Government, either on its own accord or by request, "snaps out of it" and admits that Woodrow Wilson's peace terms favor Germany quite as much as the Allies, and that his "theories" on government are no longer dreams, but are going to be applied, by force if necessary, to our opponents, Allies

and neutrals.

If the German Government does this on its own accord militarism will weaken little by little until it dies a natural death, because it has lost much and gained nothing for the Fatherland. If it does so "by request tarism will be killed on short notice either by the German people or by the Allies, the United States included. AASLAND. Philadelphia, March 23.

Lancaster Appreciates

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir-Your recent editorial article praising Lancaster County and some of its illustrious sons was well deserved. Lancaster County has long been the leading agricultural county of the United States. The late President James Buchanan and the late Thaddeus Stevens surely added to the renown of the county, but neither of them was born within its borders. James Buchanan was born at Stony Batter, Franklin County, Pa, and Thaddeus Stevens was born at Danville, GEO. E. MAPES Philadelphia, March 23.

An Old Soldier's Criticism

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I have just read a letter written by a soldier of the Civil War to another old soldier and make the following quotation:

"In it not wonderful how money has been "Is it not wonderful how money has been squandered at Hog Island and a hundred other places in the country since we entered the war? They seem to have no idea of maying anywhere or anything. Those canton-ments, fitteen or more, have cost millions and millions of dollars. When you and I went to war they didn't build any canton-

went to war they didn't build any cantonments or anything else for us. We got a
chance to look out for ourselves.
"A couple of years ago, when we were
sending soldiers to Mexico, we had trouble,
it was said, getting troops to Mexico quick
enough and in sufficient numbers because we
couldn't get eleeping cars enough to accommedate our men. When you and I went to
war fifty-six years ago box cars and cattle

THIS IS LADY DAY

Today is Lady Day, the feast of the Annunciation, one of the oldest and most sacred festivals in the Christian calendar. And not only is the 25th of March the data traditionally set as that of the annunciation of the Virgin Mary, but in the middle ages it was regarded as the beginning of the New Year. March 25 was New Years Day until 1752. In England it is still "quarter day," when rents are payable.

ter day." when rents are payable.
There are many and obvious reasons for considering this season the beginning of the year rather than bleak and bitter January. year rather than bleak and bitter January.
On every hand one sees the signs of burgeoning life, of the mystic and marveous reincarnation of the visible world. Grass is appringing, bulbs coming up under the coolsavest rains of spring, and one who wake with wide-open windows at 5 o'clock in the morning has only to ask the birds. They know far more about it than any almanaturable. For our part, Lady Day will also. time drafted 600,000 men, and the last of these had only arrived at the cantonments, and we have only got started at making machine guns and building thips, when in the name of all that is good and bad are we going to have in France the 5.000,000 men that we ought to have had there before now? We better keep praying and keep working. It is going to take it."

J. S. Philadelphia, March 23.

maker. For our part, Lady Day will always be the first of the year.

The sacred solemnity of the day to the fevous soul makes March 25 a date of peculiar beauty and marks. beauty and magic. One thinks again of that old story, which, however commentators have mythologized it, still remains the most beautiful in human someth of year, with all life magically renewla deeper meanings.

It is a day peculiarly and intimately acred to the love est associations of comanhood, and it would be well if, on this secred of all days, each man would try in some

The Eternal Contrary

Mark Twain, so the story goes, was walk-ing on a street in Hannibal, Mo., when is met a woman with her youthful family. "So this is the little girl, ch?" Mark said to be as the displayed her children. "And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex?" "Yassah, the woman replied, "yassah, dat's a girl, too." roman replied, "yassah, dat's a girl, too."

The Orphan Poem poet said, "I'll write a song that every

one will sing, A verse with just the human note that carries fast and far-

I shall be known forever as the man who wrote that thing;

The papers will reprint it from here to Zanzibar!"

Ic wrote the piece, "Those Old Blue Jeans" It made a ready hit, And in the mazes of the press the sons began to range;

some one's hasty scissors snipped the author's name from it. And everywhere he saw it, it was cree ited "Exchange."

Anthologies, the rural press and patent,

Reprinted it; and humorists revamped it for their turns;

He found it in his clippings, which were piling up in stacks, Attributed to Riley, Eugene Field and Robby Burns.

He tried to catch the orphan: he sought in his distress To salt its tail and make the poem west

the name it ought; derelict kept wandering on the occur

of the press-If he nafied it down in Portland popped up in Terre : laute!

le wrote to all the editors of all the mage Until they wished the wretched

were laid beneath the ferns; And when he called they'd lock the and say "Her 's Old Blue Jeans!

The moral of the ditty is just this

The idiot who thinks he wrote that p by Robby Burns!"

poet friends-Vhen you write